The Grub-ſtreet Journal. NUMB. 287.

THURSDAY, *JUNE* 26, 1735.

FANNY: *or* POETRY *and* PAST, *a Tale. Inſcrib'd to Mr.* POPE.

Liberius ſi
Dixero quid, ſi fortè jocoſius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. HOR. Sat. Lib. I, S. 4.

TO thee, the Muſes darling friend,
O POPE! this Tale I recommend;
Flie not diſdainful from my ſtrain,
But with a ſmile o'erpay my pain.
Nor tremble, leſt my rhimes invade
Thy chariot, or thy grot, or ſhade;
Thy barge on Thames in peace ſhall ride
For me, thy knocker reſt unty'd.

FANNY, a youth of peerleſs merit,
So ſweet his form, ſo gay his ſpirit,
The tender fair who chanc'd to eye him,
Cou'd ſeldom boaſt the pow'r to flie him:
But then, 'twas happy for the fair,
Spight of a face, a ſhape, and air,
This FANNY ne'er expreſs'd a want,
Wou'd put 'em to the bluſh to grant.
No maidenhead awak'd his flame,
Nor ſigh'd he for the wedded dame;
Nor threaten'd widow to exceed
Her late departed husband's meed:
And yet he'd faddle with the laſſes,
In flattery out-do their glaſſes;
Drink tea, aſſiſt the medley prattle,
With ſcandal ſpirit up the tattle;
When ſlow the minutes roll'd along,
Revive their ſpirits with a ſong;
And, to compoſe a pet, rehearſe
A lullaby of his own verſe.
From toilet to the privat'ſt matters,
'Tis ſaid, he often watch'd their waters:
Nor car'd the girls a pinch of ſnuff,
They knew poor FANNY well enough;
More harmleſs than a lap-dog he,
Of Eunuch-like civility.

Some ſneering rogues adventure ſwearing
He's nor fiſh, fleſh, nor good red herring;
But tantalizing as the Devil,
To haunt 'em ſo, and not be civil.

CUPID, that wicked, pincking baſtard,
Who lurks in holes, and, like a daſtard,
From thence takes aim, and twangs his darts,
When leaſt we note him, through our hearts,
At FANNY's liberty grown ſowr,
Vow'd he ſhou'd feel, and own his pow'r.
Whene'er the little peeviſh urchin
Sets on, let him alone for lurching.

As FANNY ſaunter'd forth one day,
DAN CUPID caught him on the way,
On miſchief bent: 'The firſt I meet,
'Swears DAN, I'll lay him at her feet—'
And watch'd him cloſe—A damſel came
Trapeſing along—TRULLA her name.
TRULLA had never known eighteen,
Ruſtic and awkward was her mien;
Of brindled eyes a goodly pair
Adorn'd her face with ſheepiſh ſtare;
Seldom ſo clean appear'd her cheeks,
But there you might have planted leeks;
Exceeding fruitful was her head,
Her noſe the galling current led
Down to her pouting upper lip.
Oh happy bard who there might ſip!
Ah, whither wou'd his fancy run,
Inſpir'd by ſuch a Helicon!
In ſhort, ſhe was all of a piece,
As much as HELENA of Greece.

Before her, by a garter hung,
Of cakes and pyes a basket ſwung:
For ſhe had learn'd the paſtry art,
Cou'd mould the pye, and form the tart;
In gingerbread deviſe nice toys,
To wheedle in the ſweet-tooth'd boys.

Perch'd upright on a mutton-pye,
LOVE drew a ſhaft from TRULLA's eye:
'Take that,' ſays he, and let's it flie.
The feather'd plague in FANNY's breaſt
Sunk deep, and kill'd his balmy reſt.

Nor friends, nor wine, nor ſongs delight:
For TRULLA morning, noon, and night,
With arms acroſs and downcaſt eyes,
Poor FANNY whimpers, ſobs and ſighs.

In pow'r like ſome divinity,
No place is from her preſence free.
In vain he ſought the gloomy grove,
The penſive ſhade increas'd his love;
Cloſe by the ſtream on moſs reclin'd,
TRULLA was whiſper'd by the wind;
The purling rill his paſſion wept,
And murmur'd TRULLA as it crept;
Each bird had TRULLA in its throat,
The vocal grove prolong'd the note;
TRULLA was heard from bleating flocks;
And TRULLA eccho'd from the rocks.
Where then muſt FANNY find relief?
His TRULLA muſt appeaſe his grief.

Here LOVE's amazing pow'r we find;
The lover, with a witneſs blind,
Eſteeming, which exceeding odd is,
A very toad, a very goddeſs.

One even as FANNY penſive ſtray'd,
He met, by chance, his idol-maid.
High beat his pulſe, and high his heart,
A tremour ſhot thro' every part;
His tongue, tho' vers'd in ſoft perſuaſion,
Betray'd him on the ſoft occaſion;
Quite ſtupid as a log of wood,
And ſpeechleſs in her way he ſtood:
Which much ſurpris'd the gaping girl,
Who gave her apron many a twirl,
And, modeſt looking tow'rds her toes,
Hem'd once or twice and — blew her noſe.
Betwixt a lover and his miſs
Was ever interview like this!

The pauſe juſt gave him time to muſter,
His ſpirits from the ſudden fluſter;
And reſolution to diſcover
How much he was her ſlave and lover.
Beſure with bluſhes not a few,
Tho' skin begrim'd conceal'd the hue,
She liſten'd to his declaration,
And ſecretly approv'd his paſſion.
She cou'd not practiſe the coquet,
Who makes a ſuitor fume and fret,
And loves with inſolence to treat him,
When ſhe ſo doats—that ſhe cou'd eat him.

I paſs by here the oaths he ſwore,
Oaths never heard by her before;
The tender ſqueezes, ſighs and glances,
Effects of all ſuch amorous trances.
In gentle manner, cheek by jowl,
He waited on the loving ſoul,
Till to her own abode he brought her;
And e'er he parted thence beſought her
To think with pity on his pain,
And give him leave to come again.
Courteſying low ſhe gave conſent:
Away the ſwain exulting went.

FAME, that provoking tongue-pad jade,
So frequent were his viſits made,
Caught the amour—which ſoon was blown
Through every quarter of the town —
And loud declar'd in publick places,
He kept not well in her good graces;
Becauſe the girl, through ſongs and talking,
Found his behaviour tame and balking.
For, notwithſtanding all his wooing,
He never preſs'd her to be doing;
And FANNY found the ſong and tale,
So often practis'd grow quite ſtale.

What further cou'd poor FANNY prove
Her growing coldneſs to remove?
'My poetry, he ſmiling ſaid,
'By lovely TRULLA muſt be read.'
FANNY on words had long rung chimes,
And tagg'd his Gothic proſe with rhimes;
His honeſt friends wou'd often ſay,
Throw, FANNY, throw thy pen away!
Thy dozing couplets make it plain,
Thou court'ſt a poet's name in vain.
Genius nor learning on thy ſide,
Thy brains to madneſs are ally'd,
Lines from our brighteſt writers gleaning,
But to diveſt 'em of their meaning
By ſome left-handed application;
Have, FANNY, on thy ſelf compaſſion.
Odd we confeſs thy way of thinking,
Strange thy alacrity in ſinking;
Elſe thou hadſt never dar'd to cope,
And level a lampoon at POPE.

Dull owls, enrag'd at PAEANS beams,
From crazy engines, puddle ſtreams
Againſt him might at noon-tide play,
And, whilſt they ſpout ſo ſhort away,
Hope to blot out his radiant light,
And plunge the world in endleſs night;
As thou to undermine POPE's fame,
And on the ruins build a name.
For ſhame! no more thy ſelf beguile;
Think on the viper and the file.

Not ſalt-box, gridiron and tongs,
Not C—y's ſtrain, nor ST—R's lungs,
With academic harmony,
And FARINELLO diſagree,
So much as poetry with thee.
Ev'n H—L—Y of his ſcheme deſpondent,
With grim *opponent*, dull *reſpondent*,
Who oratorial puffs can raiſe
Above the reach of PRISCIAN's phraſe,
That H—L—Y better grammar writes;
And C—E—R better rhime indites.

Verſe ſunk beneath the verge of ſenſe
Admits not of the leaſt defence.
Or ſnatch the true poetic fire,
Or read contented and admire.
Thy ſcribling vanity, good friend,
Will in thy certain ruin end.
Shou'd it by chance thy fortune ſpare,
'Twill leave thy reputation bare:
Nonſenſe, tho' neatly gilt the books,
Will be condemn'd to paſtry cooks.
Prophetic ſaying! FANNY's ſcull,
With his own worth o'erflowing full,
Cries 'Spight—ye Gods! 'tis burning ſpight,
'Thus to diſparage all I write:
'Their vicious palates cannot taſte
'The rich, the elegant repaſt;
'Dullneſs, on me, each envious aſs,
'For wit and judgment hopes to paſs.
'TRULLA, I come, thou ſhalt peruſe,
'And praiſe and eternize my Muſe.'
Alas! what counſel can reſtrain
A rhiming, fluctuating brain!
To TRULLA reſolute he goes,
And all his compoſitions ſhows.
'This, charmer, was compos'd in haſt,
'And yet—'tis in a pretty taſt;
'To a friend's play, a prologue this;
'Some ladies think it—not amiſs.'
Of ballads he produc'd a load,
And ſtill commended what he ſhow'd.
But laſt—his lines on POPE—ſo pretty,
As ſome were pleas'd to ſay, and witty.
Theſe with a raptur'd heart he read.
The ſweet-heart—ſcratch'd her aching head,
Stretch'd--her arms--yawn'd--took ſnuff—in vain!
So gentle flow'd the lulling ſtrain,
Her cloſing eyes with ſleep oppreſt,
Deep in their ſockets ſunk to reſt.
FANNY read on in full career,
And thought he had her by the ear.
But ah! the more he read—the maid
In a profounder ſleep was laid.
At laſt, with pain, he heard her ſnore;
With greater pain gave reading o'er.
The buſineſs of the day, thought he,
Has moap'd the girl to this degree;
So dropt his poems in her lap,
And left her to enjoy her nap.

So ſtrong the charms ſhe cou'd not wake,
'Till in the morning call'd to bake.
Up ſtarting then in wild ſurprize,
'Bleſs me!—ſhe gap'd and rub'd her eyes.
'I think I am bewitch'd, I ſwear,
'To ſleep all night thus in a chair,
''Tis what I never did before
'What is't a clock?' —'Tis ten or more.

'Oh Lud! — come BLOUZABELL, make haſt!
'Oh—I perceive you've made the paſte:
'Tis well—and yet we muſt be quick,
'The boys return from ſchool to nick.'
Then haſtily proceeds to raiſe
Her paſte a hundred different ways.
The oven is hot the lubbard cry'd;
Why then—I'm ready, ſhe reply'd,
And in the buſtle—heedleſs maid!
Beneath her pyes the poems laid.
Lo! in the wonderful event,
The damſel met her puniſhment.

The verſe, with heavy phlegm replete,
So forcibly oppos'd the heat,
And ſuch a damp around 'em ſhed,
That not a pye durſt raiſe its head.
The heat expell'd the oven forſakes,
The tarts, pyes, gingerbread, and cakes;
Clammy they ſunk in ſickly form,
And on the peel return'd not warm.

Here blended pyes and tarts were found,
Cakes hem'd with gingerbread around;
There lay united different parts
Of pyes, cakes, gingerbread and tarts.
TRULLA confounded at the ſight,
Concluded 'twas ſome witches ſpight;
And view'd, in dumps, her fair creation
A Chaos grown. The ſwelling paſſion,
Through gaping mouth and ſtreaming eyes,
In loud and moiſt diſorder flies;
She ſpar'd her treſſes, but her cap
To pieces tore at the miſhap,
And clapp'd her hands, and ſpurn'd the floor,
Whilſt neighbours crowd around the door.

FANNY appear'd among the reſt,
Who forward to the mourner preſt,
And tenderly implor'd to know,
The cauſe of all her mighty woe.
From mouth diſplay'd from ear to ear,
She cou'd no more than this —'Look there!'
FANNY, with fallen chops, alas!
Repining view'd the blended maſs;
But, as the heap he cloſer ey'd,
His works beneath the dough eſpy'd.

With anger fierce his boſom burn'd,
His love to ſtrong reſentment turn'd,
And thus broke forth. 'Thou ill-ſtar'd novice!
'Changeling! commit to ovens my copies!
'Cou'd'ſt think the God of verſe and wit
'Wou'd ſo ingloriouſly permit
'A favourite, a darling ſon,
'By ideot hands to be undone?
'Well has he ta'en my injur'd part,
'And ruin'd thee both pye and tart.

'Is it from thee—with raving ſtare
'She cry'd, that I this ruin bear!
'Muſt I, becauſe thy brains are addle
'Be curs'd?' — with that ſhe ſnatch'd a ladle,
And laid him on the ſouce a knock,
Which might have broke a thinner block.
'The Devil! — thus abus'd by thee!
'A curſe light on thy poetry!
'My witty verſes againſt POPE!
'Go varlet, buy thy ſelf a rope.
'My verſes againſt POPE! —— My pyes!
Then like a fury at him flies,
Laying him on with all her might,
She put the worſted bard to flight,
And pelted him with dough along,
Low ſculking through the hooting throng.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

C. *Daily Courant.*
P. *Daily Poſt-Boy.*
DP. *Daily Poſt.*
DJ. *Daily Journal.*
DA. *Daily Advertiſer.*
LP. *London Daily Poſt.*
SJ. *St. James's Evening Poſt.*
LE. *London Evening Poſt.*

THURSDAY, *June* 19. It is reported that his majeſty will return from Hanover in 3 weeks. *LP.*

Yeſterday at a court of Common Council at Guildhall, a reſolution was made, that the keeper of Newgate take care, that all felons convict, under ſentence of death, ſee no perſon whatſoever; that none be admitted to ſee them at chapel; and that no ſuſtenance be allow'd them but the common allowance of the priſon. *C.*

The new road in Hyde-park is to be rail'd in; the old to be levell'd and made into a fine green walk for the uſe of the royal family only: the ſerpentine river is to be taken into Kenſington-garden. *DP.*

Laſt ſaturday the gentlemen who were the authors of the *Bee*, laid down that pamphlet for the ſummer; but gave notice to the publick, that they intend to reſume it again next winter. They have concluded their laſt *Bee* with what they call *The Prayer of a philoſopher*, which is thought by thoſe who have peruſed it, to be a very remarkable piece. *P.* —— *This* notice *was* given *only by* one gentleman; *who ought honeſtly to have owned the death of his* Bee: *and* it is thought very remarkable, *that this* Bee *is to revive* next winter, *ſince it ſeems plain, that this* puffing philoſopher *is at his* laſt prayer.

Laſt ſunday, Mr. Hickford a merchant, juſt come from Dublin, had his pocket picked, at the Sardinian ambaſſador's chapel in Lincolns-inn fields, of a ſilver watch, and a green purſe with 16 guineas and a half in it. *P.*

Yeſterday Will. Rawſtorne, Eſq; paid his fine of 400 l. 20 marks, to be exempted from the office of ſheriff. *P.*

The article in yeſterday's Paper [the *DA.*] relating to the death of Mr. Bevois, an eminent rope-maker in Rotherhith, was groundleſs, and an infamous impoſition upon the printer, &c. *DA.*

Married, on friday, John Pool, an eminent cheeſemonger, to Miſs Pool of Eſſex, an agreeable young gentlewoman with 3000 l. *C.* —— On tueſday, at Newington, John Lewis, of Norfolk, Eſq; to Miſs Caroline Atkins, a beautiful young lady of 6000 l. fortune. *P.*

Died, laſt week at Bath, Sam. Sydall Eſq; *P.* —— Yeſterday in Jermyn-ſtreet, James Freeman, Eſq; of an apoplectick fit. —— At Mile end, Capt. Twyman, of a fever, occaſioned by the breaking of his arm, he being thrown from his horſe by a gentleman riding full ſpeed. *P.*

On monday Tho. Wiſdome (who had kept an ale-houſe in Holborn) was found hanged at Mr. Edw. Pitts. In his pocket were found a letter to his wife, another to one of his creditors, 20 guineas and ſome ſilver. *P.*

Laſt friday 2 boys, about 9 years old each, were drowned in a pond on Mitcham common. *LP.*

FRIDAY, *June* 20. His majeſty has been pleaſed to create Will. Duffye, Eſq; a peer of Ireland, by the title of baron of Cracow in the county of Carlough. On wedneſday the patent paſſed the great ſeal. *DP.* —— Carlow. *LP.* —— Catherlough. *DJ.*

We hear, that the Lady Viſcounteſs Howe hath a penſion of 1700 l. per ann. ſettled upon her on the eſtabliſhment of Ireland. *C. DJ.*

His highneſs the duke of Bourbon has made Sir Hans Sloane, Bar. a preſent of a very fine gold ſnuff-box, with his picture in the lid, valued at 100 guineas; and Sir Hans has ſent the duke ſome of his curioſities. *DP.*

Yeſterday Mr. Bradley, a gentleman of a plentiful eſtate in Cheſhire, ſtepping out of his coach in Brook-ſtreet, was bit by a mad dog; and being blooded, was carried to Graveſend to be dipt in the ſalt water. *DA.*

Some fiſhermen on the 14th ſpoke with 6 French men of war between Plymouth and the Lands-end. *DJ. P.* —— 8 or 10 French men of war. *DA.*

Orders have been iſſued for the building of 30 ſmall row galleys for the ſervice of the fleet, 30 feet in length, and 10 wide. *DA.*

Married on wedneſday at 2 in the afternoon, at S Bartholomew the Great, Paul Plaiſted, Eſq; of Suffolk, to Miſs Sarah Simon, a beautiful young lady with 12,000 l. fortune. *P.* —— Yeſterday at Mercer's chapel, John Symons, Eſq; of Herefordſhire, to Miſs Anne Colebrook, an agreeable young lady, with a great fortune. *DP.*

Died, at Bath, the beginning of this week, Brigadier-general Ruſſel. *DP.* —— On tueſday, Ric. Shirley, Eſq; dropt down dead, as he was walking in his garden at Fulham. *P* —— On wedneſday a chairman dropt down dead. *DA.* —— Yeſterday at his chambers in Lincolns-inn, Sir Edw Turner Bar. worth upwards of 100,000 l. and is ſucceeded by his ſon now Sir Edward, about 18 years of age. *LP.*

SATURDAY, *June* 21. His royal highneſs the Prince's apartment at S. James's, the board of green cloth, the Queen's laundry, &c. are to be pulled down this ſummer; and a magnificent building for his highneſs and his court to be erected of ſtone, to extend from the royal chapel to the ſtable yard gate. *P.*

Mr. Kent is made maſter maſon to his majeſty, in the room of Nic. Dubois, Eſq: deceas'd; and Mr. Gill maſter carpenter, in the room of Mr. Kent. *LP.*

Peter Davenport, Eſq; is appointed receiver-general of the taxes for Cheſter and Northwales; and John Geldart, Eſq; receiver of thoſe for Lancaſhire. *DA.*

On thurſday night a great number of men were impreſs'd on the river and elſewhere, for his majeſty's fleet. *LP.*

On wedneſday a man dreſs'd in woman's cloaths, walking with a child in his arms near Grays-inn Walks, was met by a juſtice of the peace, who had committed him to Bridewell ſome time ago; and not giving a good account how he came by the child, was ſecured for farther examination. *P.*

On thurſday Ben. Hall, Eſq; was unanimouſly elected principal of Clifford's-inn. *DA.*

A woman at Oxford on wedneſday, endeavouring to fly from the tower of S. Mary Magdalen's church, fell and died in a few hours. *DP.*

The biſhops of Briſtol and Glouceſter, the earl of Scarborough, the maſter of the Rolls, and others, have cauſed a repreſentation to be laid before the Queen, of the pernicious conſequences of drinking ſuch vaſt quantities of Geneva, &c. *LP.*

Cha. Fane, Eſq; member of parl. for Taviſtock, is appointed pay-maſter of the late king's debts, by an order of the board of Treaſury: 5000 l. more of them were this week diſcharg'd. *LE.*

Three regiments of foot are ſent for from Ireland. *LE.*

Married on tueſday at Broxborn, Cha. Palmer, Eſq; to Miſs Thompſon, a fortune of 8000 l. and 250 l. per ann. *C.* —— Yeſterday the hon. Hen. Temple, Eſq; only ſon of Lord Viſc. Palmerſton, to Miſs Lee, niece to the Earl of Litchfield, a beautiful young lady, with a very great fortune. *C. DJ.*

Died on ſunday at Richmond, Mr. Groves, formerly an eminent merchant, worth near 40,000 l. *DJ.* —— Yeſterday morning, Mr. Wolfe, a clerk in the Dutchy office of Lancaſter, walking in Grays-inn gardens, was ſeiz'd with an apoplectick fit, and expir'd. *DA.*

MONDAY, *June* 23. We hear that his majeſty will not return from Hanover, till the beginning of September. *DJ.*

Her majeſty has been pleaſed to direct letters patents to paſs in Ireland, containing the grant of a dignity of a Baron to Will. Duff of Braco, Eſq; by the title of Baron Braco of Kilbryd in the county of Craven. *C.* —— Cavan. *P DP. DA LP.* —— Cravan. *DJ.*

A fine ſalom [ſalon] is building for his royal highneſs the Prince in the royal garden in Pall-mall, and is to be pav'd with ſome curious marble brought over from Italy by the late Lord Bingley, and Geo. Doddington, Eſq; and laſt week ſeveral capital pictures were put up in the other rooms of his royal highneſs's houſe. *DA.*

There are now 14 ſail of men of war at Spithead, that lie ready for ſailing on the firſt notice, to be commanded by Admiral Stewart. *C.*

Will. Corkcroft of Halifax, is appointed a maſter extraordinary for taking affidavits in the high court of Chancery. *DJ.*

His excellency the Count de Montijo took leave on friday of her majeſty, &c. he ſets out on wedneſday for Paris, and after a conference with Card. Fleury, purpoſes to repair to the Hague to confer with the Marquis de S. Gyles, &c. from whence he proceeds to Hanover. *DA.* — Certainly on thurſday. *P.* — *My brethren ſeem to have had a* conference *with his* excellency.

On friday morning about 3 a fire broke out at the houſe of Dr. Maſſey at Mile-end, and intirely deſtroyed that houſe and moſt of the furniture. *C.* —— On ſaturday morning about 1. *DA.* —— On friday night: Dr. Mearcy, a phyſician and man-midwife: together with the ſtables, &c. *DP.*

On ſaturday morning a ſoldier in the 1ſt regiment of Foot-guards, receiv'd 150 laſhes, and was drumm'd out of the regiment, for inveigling men to liſt into foreign ſervice. *DA.* —— 450 laſhes: he is ſaid to be a Roman Catholick. *DJ.*

Cha. Peele, who was to have been executed for ſtealing a bill of 170 l. is to be tranſported for life. *C. P. DA.*

Nic. Hawkſmore, Eſq; is appointed to ſucceed Mr. Gill as deputy ſurveyor. *C.*

Laſt tueſday 7 horſes run for his majeſty's plate at Ipſwich, which was won by Capt: Appleyard's horſe. *DP.* —— Stone horſe favourite. *DA.*

Married laſt week Edw. Lloyd, Eſq; of Hampſtead, to Miſs Hibbard of Bath. *DA.* —— On ſaturday, Iſaac Pitman, Eſq; at S. James's church, to Miſs Sarah Hewſon, a fortune of 10,000 l. *DJ.* —— At St. Mary Ax, Pet. Saunders, Eſq; to Miſs Eliz. Turner of Bedford, a beautiful young lady of 8000 l. fortune. *P.*

Died, May 3, at Charles-town in South-Carolina, his excellency Rob. Johnſon, Eſq; governor of that province. *DA.* —— On ſunday at Bath, the lady Oliver, relict of the late Sir Edmund. *C.* —— Yeſterday morning in Jermyn-ſtreet, S. James's, General Hill. *DP. LP.*

TUESDAY, *June* 14. An order has paſs'd his majeſty's board of works, for fitting up the palace royal at Hampton-court, for the reception of the royal family upon his majeſty's return. *DA.*

There are letters in town, which give an account of the ſafe arrival of Sir John Norris, with the fleet, at Lisbon. *LP.* —— The lords of the Admiralty have as yet received no advice of it, *DA.* 25.

Mr. Becket of New-ſtreet, Fetter-lane, has received orders to prepare 7000 belts for land ſoldiers. *LP.*

The rev. Mr. Legge, who held the rectory of Pulborough near Petworth in Suſſex, worth about 400 l. per

ann. 'till the late rev. Mr. Moſe was of age, to enjoy the ſame, is preſented to the ſaid living by Mrs. Moſe. *LP.*

Yeſterday in S. Martin's-lane, a woman ſhot a carter in the face, with a ſoldier's musket, in ſo terrible a manner, that his life is deſpair'd of, both his eyes being ſhot out; ſhe was immediately put into S. Martin's round-houſe. *DJ.*

Married yeſterday James Selwin, Eſq; at S. Giles's church, to Miſs Jane Fotherby, of Kingſton upon Hull, a fine young lady, with a fortune of 16,000 l. ——Tho Lane of Thame in Oxfordſhire, Eſq; to Mrs. Charlbury of Sandbroke in Surry. *P.*

Died laſt week at Adlingdon in Lancaſhire, Will. Clayton, Eſq; *LP.* —— A few days ago at New-court near Exeter, John Shapleith, Eſq; *DA.* —— At his houſe in Pall-mall, Lewis Delane, Eſq; deputy governor of Guernſey. *DP.* — On ſunday, in Eſſex-ſtreet, Mr. Serjeant Barnard. —— Yeſterday Mr. Whiting an eminent attorney in the Temple. *DA.*

On ſaturday morning, about half hour after 6, a young woman well-dreſſed, having agreed with a waterman at Barn-elms to carry her to London, got into his boat, and ſending him to look for a gentleman, jump'd over board and was drowned. *C.* —— On ſunday 3 boys were drowned at Chelſea, as they were bathing themſelves in the river. *C. DJ.* —— Mr. Arnold of Chiſwick, and a waterman were overſet going through-bridge, and drowned. *P.*

WEDNESDAY, *June* 25. On monday his grace the duke of Marlborough, &c. ſet out for Greenwich, in order to embark for France. *P.* —— And the lord Bateman, &c. —— And yeſterday her grace the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, and Lady Bateman, &c. *DA.*

We hear that the right Rev. Dr. Rundle, biſhop of Derry in Ireland, has obtain'd a Diſpenſation to reſide in this Kingdom, on account of his ill ſtate of health; and likewiſe to hold all his Engliſh preferments. *LP.*

On ſaturday 2 highwaymen robb'd a gentleman 2 miles beyond Croydon, of his gold watch, &c. who meeting with ſome countrymen, they agreed to purſue them; and accordingly took them, and they were committed to Kingſton jail, ſeveral gold watches being found on them. *C. DJ.*

Yeſterday at Guildhall Sir John Barnard, Knt. and Rob. Godſchall, Eſq; were unanimouſly choſen ſheriffs. *P. DP. DJ. DA.* —— Goſchall. *LP.*

Mr. Whitworth, ſurveyor-general of his majeſty's woods, &c. hath cauſed the lower gate at Greenwich-park, to be ſhut up on account of ſome irregularities committed by Servants and rude People. *LP.*

Yeſterday the truſtees for beautifying Lincoln's-Inn fields determined to have the middle of the fields incloſ'd with iron palliſades, and to have a large reſervoir in the middle. *DA.*

There was found laſt week in the cloſets and ſtudy of Mr. Tho. Hearne, the great Antiquarian, at Oxford, upwards of 1500 *l.* *LP.*

Married laſt week Nich. Joke, of the Inner Temple Eſq; to Miſs Cockman, daughter and ſole heireſs to the the late Dr. Cockman, an eminent phyſician in Kent. *DA.* — *This is a falſe* Joke: *for his name is* Toke.

Died yeſterday at Northend, near Parſons-green, Tho. Wilſon Eſq; poſſeſſed of an eſtate of 1500 *l.* per ann. *DA.* —— In Suffolk ſtreet the lady Edwin, wife of John Edwin Eſq; *C.* ——Mrs. Edwin *DA. LP.* —— Jam. Berkley Eſq; a brave experienced officer, being at dinner at his houſe in Tufton ſtreet dropt down dead, in his 78th year. *P.*

From the PEGASUS *in Grub-ſtreet.*

Mr. BAVIUS,

AS I am fully perſuaded the ſcribler of an *Epiſtle to the Author of the Eſſay upon Reaſon* is too inſignificant and obſcure to be taken notice of by any other pen; I deſire you would honour the following lines with a place in your Paper, and am, Sir,

your humble ſervant,

Wrexham, June 14, 1735. B—N.

1.
O! have you not heard
Of a dainty fine bard,
Whoſe labours of ſenſe never ſavour?
But of ſenſe there's no need;
Thoſe lines muſt ſucceed,
Which boaſt of good living a flavour.

2.
In building great RALPH,
Or painting, not half
His equal appears, as they tell ye:
But moſt are agreed,
His hints all proceed
From his *bon gout* in —— pamp'ring the belly.

3.
Of learning or wit,
In the hot ſcribling fit,
None e'er cou'd a ſymptom diſcover:
His kitchen and vault
Supply ev'ry thought,
And produce both a poet and lover.

4.
To wenches and ſenſe
He makes a pretence,
As ſome folks aſſert —— never doubt 'em:
To his ſhame tho' in troth,
He meddles with both,
Ne'er enjoying but —— blund'ring about 'em.

5.
Ah! ſweet Maſter HARTE,
Take it all in good part,
Tho' he ſcribles and rails, without reaſon;
Sometimes, when he dines,
The fume of his wines
Make him againſt wit to talk treaſon.

6.
Water-gruel — ye gods!
And clean ſtraw — yet 'tis odds,
That they never reduce him to thinking:
He has ta'en ſo much pains,
To debauch all the brains
Nature gave him — by eating and drinking.

7.
Wou'd his vain flimſineſs
Never trouble the preſs,
He might ſcribble, ſell wine, as his trade is;
Read his verſes to fools,
Make 'em grin whilſt tea cools,
And ſing ſoft lullabys to the ladies.

8.
For HARTE's anſwer he hopes:
But true wit never copes
With rank folly. There's none in the whole land,
Beſides my own ſelf,
To this poor tiny elf,
To his Oliver wou'd give a Rowland.

Since our laſt we have received a ſhort *Letter* concerning *Mother* OSBORNE, ſome *Latin Verſes on* FARINELLO, and ſome *Engliſh upon* STILTS.

Mr. MAEVIUS's *Verſes on the death of the* Bee, were ordered to be publiſhed next week: and we hear, that *Mother* OSBORNE labours under a ſuppreſſion of the monthly terms; that *Squire* WALSINGHAM, through imbecility of parts, can no longer penetrate into fundamental politics; and that BRITANNUS, through the neglect of phyſic, being ſeiz'd with an aguiſh indiſpoſition, is once more a Quaker.

Norton, near Stockton in the Biſhoprick, June the 15th —— Wedneſday the 11th inſt. being his majeſty's happy acceſſion to the crown, there was the greateſt rejoicings that ever were known in this town or country. The populace, headed by the young parſon and a great grazier, marched round the town with muſick, hnzzaing King George for England, &c. and ſtopping at ſeveral publick houſes, drank the King's, Queen's, and all the royal family's healths, with confuſion, &c. to their enemies. The night concluded with firing of guns, kicking out coal fires, breaking of windows, and great threatnings to thoſe the mob thought enemies to the preſent happy eſtabliſhment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THURSDAY, *June* 19. A courier arriv'd from Verſailles the 22d with the news, that the Imperaliſts had abandoned all they were poſſeſs'd of in the Seraglio, and the Mantuan, except Mantua itſelf; and that Syracuſa was ſurrender'd. *DJ.*

FRIDAY, *June* 20. —— *Francfort, June* 19. M. de Coligni, lieutenant-colonel of the gariſon in Mentz, charged with a ſecret correſpondence with the generals of the French army, has been conducted, under a guard of 60, to the Imperial camp, to be examin'd in Prince Eugene's preſence. —— The Elector of Bavaria has publickly declared, that he will carry ſome great enterprize into execution, the very moment the Ruſſian troops preſume to ſet foot upon his land. *LP.*

SATURDAY, *June* 21. —— *Koningsberg, June* 14. King Staniſlaus keeps open houſe every day. The royal table has always 40 covers for the principal lords of his court. When the king has ſeated himſelf, the eccleſiaſtical lords ſit on his right, and the temporal on his left. The Count de Tarlo, palatine of Lublin, his kinſman, is always by his ſide. Two other tables in the adjoining rooms are cover'd twice a day for the reſt of the lords, and for the Poliſh gentlemen. The ladies are ſerved with equal profuſion and ſtate in other apartments of the palace. Each individual is firmly perſuaded, that ſome ſudden event will give an advantageous turn to their royal maſter's affairs. *DP. LP.*

One of king Staniſlaus's caſhiers is arriv'd from Konigsberg at Warſaw with a conſiderable ſum of money, and made his ſubmiſſion to king Auguſtus. *LP.* —— His privy purſe is fled thither with a prodigious ſum of money juſt remitted from France. *DA.*

MONDAY, *June* 23. — *Paris, June* 29. N. S. The Marquis de Grazia Real has left 2000 men in Syracuſa, and is marched with the reſt to attack the caſtle of Trepani. *C. DP.* —— Trapani. *P. DJ. LP.*

TUESDAY, *June* 24. —— *Hague, June* 28. Vaſt quantities of ſtrange vermin have lately been diſcovered upon the Elbe, with black heads, cover'd with a ſort of helmet, defended by 2 horns, and 4 yellow wings, and 6 legs of the ſame colour, with a beard upon them [heads, horns, wings, or legs?] as hard as ſteel. They came from the ſouth, and are gone weſtward. Their ſize is from one inch to three: our naturaliſts call them *water-horns. P.* —— *My brother does not tell us, whether they are for* King Staniſlaus *or* Auguſtus.

Yeſterday Bank Stock was 136. India 147, for the Opening. S. S. Trading-Stock 80, 1 4th, a 1 half, for the Opening. Old Annuities 104 1 4th, a 3 8ths. Ditto New Annuities 105, for the Opening. Three per Cent. Annuity 92 3 4ths, for the Openiug, Million Bank 108. African 17. Royal Aſſur. 97 3 4ths. London Aſſur. 12. New Bank Circulation 7 l. 15 s. Prem. South-Sea Bonds 2 l. 3 s. Pr. India ditto 3 l. 17 s. Prem. Three per Cent. ditto 2 l. Prem. Engliſh Copper 2 l. 1 s. Prem. Welſh ditto, Books ſhut. Salt Tallies 2 1 half per Cent. Prem.

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